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What you mean to me



28 1 2

Chapter 1 by Sadie Fleischman

I was wandering around the street, until someone found me and brought me home. "Thank you sir," I say. "No problem ma'am," he says back. The driver looks familiar to me, but I can't place his name. If he had a name.

Chapter 2 by jessbabbyblue247



He looked like someone I had seen before in a dream. His curly brown hair fell mysteriously over his storm grey eyes. The eyes he now turned toward me, looking at me and saying, "Is anything wrong? This storm is one of the worst that our little town has had lately. Was there a reason you were walking in the pouring rain?" His tone was soft and caring, and from the way the corners of his eyes drew up, like little pillow creases, I could tell that he honestly wanted to hear my answer. This caught me off guard, because in this world, you don't often find someone that genuinely cares about you. I glanced outside the car, at the passing scenes of nature coupled with man-made structures. Then I felt my eyes drift back towards this stranger, unable to keep them off him for long. He was actually waiting for my answer, so I took a deep breath, preparing in my mind what I would tell him. My nose tingled with the smell of his cologne, a rain scent that made my heart flutter. Whoever this man was, I could tell just in a matter of minutes that he

opened my mouth, and let the words come pouring out of my lips.

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